



Shifter



96 4 5

Chapter 1 by Artis Planeswalker

Tick, tick, tick, the sound of cooling metal and pain bring me to consciousness. Dazed, I woke up to find myself hanging upside down in my car. The seatbelt straining to hold me in my seat despite gravity's best efforts to bring me down to the glass covered roof below me. Holding onto the steering wheel to keep me from falling too fast I release the seatbelt and do my best to climb out of the car. I manage to make it out while adding several new cuts to my already banged up body. As I look around me I can feel the panic rising, where am I! The last thing I remember I was on my way home from dinner at my parents house in the city. I lean against the wreckage of my car trying not to throw up as I stare into the chaotic openness of the ocean crashing along a rocky shore.

Chapter 2 by ArchAngel



An ocean?! My parents live in Cincinnati, there's no ocean for hundreds of miles, you can trust me on this. How did I end up here, wherever here is?

I watch the grey waves softly crashing on the beach, it's soothing, calming. Then I stagger over the rocks to the water. One of my knees is swollen and doesn't want to bend, and there's a knife being thrust in my lower back. I clench my jaw and crouch down to splash my face, it helps.

I check my phone, there's a split down the screen, which is just great. It lights up... but there's no signal. I sit there, listening to the surf for half an hour. The coastal road behind me is silent, there are no cars and no people. Much as it pains me, I'm going to have to walk.

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you." I call out. He takes one look at me, swings a brass crossbow up from his hip and there's a crack of thunder as he fires.

Chapter 3 by Laura Frost



The bolt tears a line of pain through the side of my shoulder, but I suppose i'm lucky it's just another cut and there is not currently a crossbow bolt sticking out of me. The person, whoever they are, raises their crossbow again.

I turn tail and run.

Poncho guy keeps shooting, and I don't stop running until I reach the woods. There, I collapse into a pile of limbs.

What is going on?

A branch snaps, and I whip my head up. 'This is it' I think to myself. 'You are so dead.'

Four people, ranging in age from their early teens to their twenties, come into view. they're carrying bows, crossbows, and what looks to be knives.

"Keith, look, it's a newbie!"

"Duh. I can see."

"Please don't kill me!" I really, really don't want to die.

The oldest one, a girl with dark skin and darker hair rolls her eyes. "It's like this. There's us, and there's them. They tried to kill you, right? You were just minding your own business, probably don't even know what's going on, and people tried to kill you?"

This is really, really, weird. "Yes?"

"Well, that makes you one of us."

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The youngest one starts chanting. I turn into a bird and I decide that now is a perfectly good time to leave.

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Chapter 4 by Laura Frost



I wake up disoriented, dirty, and very bruised. Most of it us from the car crash I can't remember, but I have bruises that I distinctly remember not having.

Where am I?

I look around. I'm in some sort of hut, mad of a mix of various woods and metals. it's an interesting mashup of color, and were I not currently injured, kidnapped, bleeding slightly, disoriented, and very confused, I would remark upon its remarkably interesting aesthetic diversity compared to the uniform colors and decorations of the interior of this hut/building. I wonder who designed such an odd mix.

I'm going to sit down now.

Yes.

This is a good plan.

Soft blankets. And pillows. Are those ferns? maybe? Who even cares they're comfortable.

The girl from before enters the hut/building. "So you're awake. Good."

"Hi."

She sighs, and places one hand on her hip and the other on her forehead. "Glad to see you're awake, and that the drugs are working. You were extensively injured when we brought you to the camp. Once they finish doing their job, you'll be back to normal."

She has nice hair. All done up, braided and everything, even though we're in the woods. Must have taken forever. I do love a good hairdo. If she were a guy, i'd totally be flirting right now. To bad.

"Hello?"

I've been staring at her hair like a creep! Ah, what, ah, this is not how you make good first (second) impressions!

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"How?" I clear my throat.

"The drugs?"

"About an hour. You should rest until then. After that, there are some things that need explanations."

So, so many things.

I lean back into the pillows and take whatever-her-name-is advice, and rest.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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